of divine humanity in that most touching and wonderful
scene of self-sacrifice that has ever adorned the pages o'f
history. Nothing can compare in moral loveliness and
moral splendour with that sign of meek, enduring nature,
with that sustainment of persecution through life and with
that exercise of the utmost self-surrender and devotion in the
very ajonies of death which have rendered the cross the
consecrated emblem of Christianity.
He, who was expected to be the Saviour and Redeemer
of a fallen race, who was looked up to as the Deliverer of the
Jewish nation from the yoke of Rome and was believed to
incarnate in himself the glory of the eternal triumph—
even he was awarded the bitter cross and the thorny crown
with the jeering hail, " Behold the King of the Jews !" And
as the very climax of the indignity, he was crucified between
two thieves, amidst shame, ignominy and public execration.
Betrayed by the trusted, disowned by the beloved, he was
doomed to this humiliating death. But twenty centuries
witness to his translation from the felon's grave to the
glory of the King of Martyrs with princes and peoples alike
bowing the reverent heads to him. Such are

the mysterious
dispensations of Providence. Such are His inscrutable
methods which we with our limited knowledge cannot fathom
into. As Carlyle says : "This world is still a miracle, wonder-
ful, inscrutable, *magical* and more, to whosoever will *think*
of it."
Again, it is He who taking us to old Nuddea makes
us dance in the excitement of love with the love-maddened
devotees of Chaitanya assembled there.

Every living creature is a field of His incessant activity.
The world is only an aggregate of such fields. The whole
of our life is a field of His special Providence. We lie steeped
in the ocean of His special love. His Providence is not
merely comprehensively universal, but distinctly individual;
though total, yet individual; though universal yet special